K. Virgilius Maro (P.)
708

THE

TRYAL of SKILL

BETWEEN

'SQUIRE *WALSINGHAM*

AND

MOTHER *OSBORNE.*

AN

ECLOGUE,

In Imitation of VIRGIL's PALÆMON.

To which are added,

HORACE to FANNIUS, and an Apology for Printing a certain *Nobleman's Epistle* to Dr. S--w--n.

Et vitula tu dignus, & hic. —— VIRG. Ecl. 3.

LONDON Printed:

Sold by J. HUGGONSON, near *Serjeants-Inn*, in *Chancery-Lane*, 1734. [Price One Shilling.]

VIRGIL's Eclog. III.

Menalcas.

DIC mihi Damæta, *cujum pecus?*

Damætas.

----- Ægonis: *nuper mihi tradidit* Ægon.

Men.

Infælix o ſemper oves pecus: ipſe Neæram

Dum fovet,------

Hic alienus oves cuſtos bis mulget in [1] *hora:*
Et ſuccus [2] *pecori, & lac ſubducitur agnis.*

Dam.

THE

TRYAL of SKILL

BETWEEN

Squire WALSINGHAM and *Mother* OSBORNE.

Osborne.

SO Slave! who owns thoſe ragged Journals there?

Walſingham.

Why *W*------*e*, he firſt gave them to my Care.

Osborne.

Unhappy Scribbler of unhappy Maſter,
Who, while thou writeſt, loſes Friends the faſter.
By thee, he ſtrives to ſue for Grace in vain:
But 'tis by me he muſt that Grace obtain.
Thou, Varlet, thou, ly'ſt wallowing in his Pelf;
While others ſtarve, thou writ'ſt to cram thyſelf,
Of Senſe [2] and Grammar you defraud the Town,
And [1] twice an Hour make tortur'd Preſſes groan:

Wal-

Dam.

Parcius iſta [1] *viris tamen objicienda memento.*
Novimus & qui te, tranſverſa tuentibus hircis,
Et quo, ſed faciles, Nymphæ riſere [2] *ſacello.*

Men.

Tum, credo, cum me arbuſtum videre Myconis,
Atque mala vites incidere falce novellas.

Dam.

Aut hic ------ cum [3] Daphnidis *arcum*
Fregiſti, & calamos: quæ tu perverſe Menalca,
Et cum vidiſti puero [4] *donata, dolebas.*

Men.

Quid Domini facient, audent cum talia fures?
Non ego te vidi [5] Damonis *peſſime caprum*
Excipere inſidiis, multum [6] *latrante* Lyſiſca?
Et quum clamarem: quo nunc ſe proripit ille?
Tityre, *coge pecus: tu poſt* [7] *carecta latebas.*

Dam.

Walſingham.

Good Words, at leaſt to [1] Men, old Mother give!
I know thee well, and where thou once did'ſt live;
What [a] *Lesbian* Tricks behind thy [2] School-houſe [b] play'd:
The laughing Nymphs ſaw all, but nought betray'd.

Osborne.

Yes, and the Time may eaſily be known;
'Twas when from [c] *Temple-Hall* I ſtole a Spoon.

Walſingham.

No, but when firſt you ventur'd forth to write,
And tore the [3] *Craftſman* out of envious Spite;
Tho' by it *D'Anvers* Fame [4] and Honour won.
And what fair Liberty inſpir'd begun.

Osborne.

What wou'd not great Men dare to do or ſpeak,
When paltry Slaves, like thee, ſuch Freedoms take!
Have I not, Villain, ſeen thee lying ſnug,
To ſnatch away poor Brother [5] *Carus'* Mug:
His Guts [6] then grumbled, and aloud I cry'd,
Stop Thief, while you beneath the [7] Dreſſer hid.

[a] The practices of the *Lesbian* Maids.
[b] Mother *Osborne* was formerly a School-miſtreſs.
[c] *Walſingham* was, not long ſince, one of the loweſt of Law-foggers.

Dam.

An mihi cantando victus [1] non redderet ille,
Quem mea carminibus meruiſſet fiſtula caprum?
Si neſcis, meus ille caper fuit: & mihi Damon
Ipſe fatebatur,-----

Men.

Cantando tu illum? aut unquam tibi fiſtula cera
Juncta fuit? non tu in triviis, indocte, ſolebas
Stridenti miſerum ſtipula diſperdere carmen?

Dam.

Vis ergo inter nos, quid poſſit uterque, viciſſim
Experiamur? ego [2] hanc vitulam (ne forte recuſes,
Bis venit ad mulctram, binos [3] alit ubere fœtus)
Depono: tu [4] dic, mecum quo pignore certes.

Mem.

Verum id, quod multo tute ipſe fatebere [6] majus,
(Inſanire libet quoniam tibi) [5] pocula ponam

Fagina,

Walſingham.

The Mug was mine; the Prize of rhiming beſt:
Who fairly loſt the the Prize, ſhou'd [1] he conteſt?
A Match of Skill was made, by me 'twas won;
And this let *Carus*, if he can, diſown.

Osborne.

Thou vye in Rhimes!---thine hoarſe, ill-cadenc'd Throat
Cou'd ne'er attempt to ſound one chiming Note.
Proſe-Fool at beſt, who ſcarce can entertain
The loweſt Rabble with thy wretched Strain.

Walſingham.

To ſhew thou'rt much miſtaken, let us try,
Who moſt excels in rhyming, you or I:
My gilded [2] Chariot, for my Stake I'll pawn,
By two [3] plump Steeds both Night and Morning drawn,
My Patron's Gifts ---- all which I'll here depoſe.
Tell [4] me what Prize you'll ſtake ſo good as thoſe.

Osborne.

As I have Pow'r, thou knoweſt I want not Will
T'accept thy Challenge, and to meet thy Skill.
Behold this [5] Parchment, which, you'll own, [6] exceeds
Thy gaudy Chariot, and preſented Steeds.

Tho'

Fagina, cælatum divini opus [1] Alcimedontis,
Lenta quibus torno facili ſuperaddita vitis,
Diffuſos hedera veſtit pallente [2] *Corymbos.*

Nunquam hodie effugies [3] ——
Audiat hæc tantum vel qui venit, [4] *ecce* Palæmon.

Palæmon.

Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos:
Nunc [5] *frondent ſylvæ, nunc formoſiſſimus annus.*
[6] *Incipe,* Damæta, *tu deinde ſequere* Menalca.
Alternis dicetis: amant alterna Camænæ.

Dam.

Ab Jove *principium, Muſæ:* Jovis *omnia plena:*
Ille colit terras: illi mea carmina curæ.

Men.

Tho' plain without, within what Beauty's ſhown,
The Art divine of Law [1] *Alcimedon*:
Between the Foldage of whoſe curious Work
Cyphers in [2] Cyphers, Words in Letters lurk;
And in whoſe Right it's Owner ſhall poſſeſs
The Pomp and Profits of a Patent-Place.
Therefore vain Boaſter uſe no more [3] Delay,
Begin, at length, and urge thy weak Eſſay.
And [4] ſee, *Eugenius* comes in lucky Time,
To be th' impartial Judge how ill you rhime.

Eugenius.

Now's the fit Seaſon; when all Parties mix,
And blen, and juſtle into Politics.
Now Pamphlets [5] blow, now *Grub-ſtreet* Garrets bear
The beauteous Offspring of the teeming Year:
The Shouts of Science thro' our Alleys ring,
" And Nature has accompliſh'd all the Spring. "
[6] Firſt, one begin, the next in turn rehearſe,
And, like the Muſes, chuſe alternate Verſe.

Walſingham.

Of Kings I'll ſing: Of Monarch's thus I deem,
Subjects were made for Kings, not Kings for them.

[a] *Osborne* got an Employment from ——— which he afterwards ſold for upwards of fifteen hundred Pounds.

Men.

Et me Phœbus *amat:* Phœbo *ſua ſemper apud me*
Munera ſunt, lauri, & ſuave rubens hyacinthus.

Dam.

Malo me [1] Galatea *petit, laſciva puella,*
Et fugit ad [2] *ſalices* ------

Men.

At mihi ſeſe offert ultro, meus ignis, Amyntas;
Notior ut jam ſit [3] *canibus non* Delia *noſtris.*

Dam.

Parta meæ Veneri ſunt munera: namque notavi
Ipſe locum, aeriæ quo congeſſere [4] *palumbes.*

Men.

Quod potui, puero ſylveſtri ex arbore lecta
Aurea [5] *mala decem miſi: cras altera mittam.*

Dam.

O quoties & quæ nobis Galatea [7] *locuta eſt!*
Partem aliquam [8] *venti Divum referatis ad aures.*

Dam.

Osborne.

Me *W* —— *e* loves, and therefore I prefer,
To all *K* —— *s* living, that great Miniſter.
Me he inſtructs, and oft inſpires my Song;
To him, as due, my choiceſt Rhymes belong.

Walſingham.

[1] *Skereſſa* me with various Preſents plies,
Then to her [2] Coach the pretty Wanton flies.

Osborne.

On me Lord *Fanny* caſts his ſweet Regards;
Nor *Ralph* is better known to all our [3] Bards.

Walſingham.

I mark'd two [4] Poet's hatching high in Air: ——
Their Works I ſteal, and ſend 'em to my Fair.

Osborne.

From Preſs to Preſs I rang'd induſtrious round,
At laſt ten [5] Guineas for his Pamplet found:
Theſe, in a Sum, to dear Lord *Fanny* went;
When next he writes, as [6] many ſhall be ſent.

Walſingham.

To me the Fair-one vow'd [7] the tendereſt Things,
Winds [8] bear 'em to the Gods, from whom ſhe ſprings.

Osborne.

[a] *Ralph*, —— this *Timon*'s Aſs bears the Burden of that infamous daily Paper, the *Courant*, the common Shore of Falſhood and Scandal; particularly againſt one of the greateſt Geniuſes in *Europe*.

Dam.

Quid[1] *prodeſt, quod me ipſe animo non ſpernis,* Amynta,
Si, dum tu ſectaris[2] *apros ego*[3] *retia ſervo?*

Dam.

Triſte[4] *lupus ſtabulis* ——
Arboribus[5] *venti: nobis* Amaryllidis[6] *iræ.*

Men.

Dulce ſatis humor ——
—— *mihi ſolus* Amyntas.

Dam.

Pollio *amat*[7] *noſtram, quamvis ſit ruſtica, muſam.*
Pierides vitulam lectori paſcite veſtro.

Men.

Pollio & [8] *ipſe facit nova carmina: paſcite*[9] *taurum*
Jam[10] *cornu petat, &*[11] *pedibus qui ſpargat arenam.*

Dam.

Osborne.

What [1] boots it *Fanny*, that I'm thy Delight,
And often dictate what you often write:
If while I hold the [2] Nets, you [3] Patriots trace,
Nor ſhare with me the Glories of the Chace.

Walſingham.

The [4] *Craftſman*'s Pen devours my weekly Page,
Pope's Storm [5] of Satire blaſts a vicious Age:
Nor *Pope*, nor *D'Anvers* ſhall I ever dread,
But fear the [6] Frowning of my lovely Maid.

Osborne.

As Rain, deſcending in ſoft vernal Showers,
Glads the parch'd Earth, and chears the ſick'ning Flower's,
So the ſoft Preſence of that heav'nly Boy
Gives me new Life, and fills my Soul with Joy.

Walſingham.

My nervous [7] Lines my Patron [8] *Pollio* pleaſe:
Ye Muſes, let your fav'rite Gifts be his!

Osborne.

He writes [8] himſelf: Ye Muſes for him find
A [9] Bull that [10] ſpurns, and [11] buts; the Emblem of his Mind.

Wal-

[a] Pollio — *non a pollendo; ſed a pelle: ut ſit id quod nobis.* —— Skinner.

Dam.

Qui te Pollio [1] *amat, veniat quo te quoque gaudet :*
[3] *Mella fluant illi, ferat & rubus* [2] *asper amomum.*

Men.

Qui [4] Bavium *non odit, amet tua carmina,* [5] Mævi,
Atque [6] *idem jungat vulpes, & mulgeat hircos.*

Dam.

Qui legitis flores, & humi nascentia fraga ;
Frigidus, [7] *o pueri, fugite hinc, latet anguis in herba.*

Men.

Parcite [8] *oves nimium procedere. Non bene ripæ*
Creditur : ipse [9] Aries *etiam nunc vellera siccat.*

Dam.

Walſingham.

Who *Pollio* [1] loves, and can admire his Lays,
Enjoys his full Reward for publick Praiſe:
No [2] thorny Cares upon his Slumbers wait,
But Place [3] or Penſion is, at leaſt, his Fate.

Osborne.

Who likes not *Pope* was ne'er to *Swift* a Friend;
Who *Welſted* [4] loves ev'n [5] *Tibbald* may commend:
By ſuch prepoſterous Rules the Wretch [6] may think
To make *Citronia* write, and *Sappho* drink.

Walſingham.

Ye vent'rous [7] Youths, who in yon jetty Bowers
Collect of Politicks the tempting Flowers,
Avoid the wily Dangers of the Place,
For Snakes and Patriots skulk beneath the Graſs.

Osborne.

And you, the Leaders of our paſſive [8] Flocks,
Avoid, as you wou'd Death, yon fatal Rocks!
There, Streams flow deep, and from that ſlippery Coaſt
Ev'n now our [9] Bell-wether we almoſt loſt.

Wal-

Dam.

[1] *Eheu, quam pingui macer eſt mihi taurus in arvo!*
Idem [2] *amor exitium eſt pecori, pecoriſque magiſtro.*

Men.

His [3] *certe neque amor cauſa eſt vix oſſibus hærent.*
Neſcio quis teneros [4] *oculus mihi faſcinat agnos.*

Dam.

Dic, quibus in terris (& eris mihi magnus [5] Apollo)
Tres pateat cœli ſpatium non amplius ulnas.

Men.

Dic quibus in [6] *terris inſcripti nomina regum*
Naſcantur flores, ——

Palæmon.

Non noſtrum inter vos tantas componere lites.
Et vitula tu dignus, & hic ——

Walſingham.

[1] Alas! how ſeldom are my Journals read!
~~But [2] Party-writing drains the fulleſt Head.~~

Osborne.

Not Party-writings claim my [3] Sheets alone;
With Wit and Humour they've addreſs'd the Town:
And yet, bewitch'd by ſome [4] malicious Eye;
With thine (a common Maſs) they now neglected lie.

Walſingham.

My great [5] *Apollo* be, if thou can'ſt ſpeak,
What all wou'd give, and all refuſe to take.

Osborne.

Say where on [6] Earth, if ſuch on Earth there be,
A People brib'd, and yet that People free:
If this you ſolve, I'll own thy greater Pow'r;
Confeſs thee *Phœbus*, and thy Art adore.

Eugenius.

So much the ſame your Judgments, Taſte, and Wit;
So nicely too your labour'd Verſes fit;
So ſmall Diſtinction in your Talents lies,
To both, or neither, I muſt doom the Prize.

HOR. Lib. II. *Od.* 8.

In *BARINEN.*

ULLA ſt juris tibi pejerati
Pœna, Barine, *nocuiſſet unquam:*
[1] *Dente ſi nigro fieres, vel uno,*
Turpior [2] *ungui,*
Crederem. Sed tu ſimul obligaſti
Perfidum votis [4] *caput,* [3] *eniteſcis*
Pulchrior multo: juvenumque prodis
Publica [5] *cura.*

[1] *Ex-*

TO

LORD *FANNY.*

In Imitation of *HORACE* to *BARINE.*

I.

IF, for thy [1] Breach of Senſe and Truth,
Thou ſhould'ſt but loſe another Tooth,
Or Spots thy [2] Finger ſtain;
Tho' for thy Rhimes I've often paid,
Been often baulk'd, as often read,
Perhaps I'd read again.

II.

But thou'rt ſucceſsful in thy [3] Crimes;
Unpuniſh'd, ſpun ſo many Times
False Verſe from thy [4] *John-Trot-Head*;*
You iſſue forth the [5] publick Care
Of Pamphlet-Shop and Bookſeller,
So very much your noted;

It

* All that I learnt from Doctor *Friend* at School,
Has long deſerted this poor *John-Trot-Head.* *Nobleman's Epiſt.*

[1] *Expedit* [2] *Matris cineres opertos*
Fallere, & toto taciturna noctis
Signa [3] *cum cœlo, gelidaque* [4] *Divos*
Morte [5] *carentes.*

Ridet hoc, inquam, [6] Venus *ipſa ; rident*
Simplices [7] *Nymphæ, ferus &* [8] *Cupidon*
Semper ardentes [9] *acuens* [10] *Sagittas*
[11] *Cote cruenta.*

Adde quod pubes tibi creſcit omnis ;
Servitus creſcit nova : nec [12] *priores*
Impiæ tectum dominæ relinquunt.
—— miſeræque nuper
[13] *Virgines nuptæ : tua ne retardet,*
Aura [14] *maritos.*

III.

It well [1] becomes thee, for Fame ſake,
Thy elder [2] Brother's Urn to rake,
With keeneſt Irony;
And then revile, in gallant Words,
The Starry [3] Sphere of Noble [4] Lords,
Whoſe [5] Honours never die.

IV.

[6] *Sappho*, who might have anſwer'd thee,
But ſmiles at all thy Ribaldry:
[7] *Centlivre*, *Haywood* laugh:
And ev'n from [8] *Swift*'s all-cutting Pen,
(Ne'er [9] whetted on his [10] Desk in vain)
Perfidious Boy you're ſafe.

V.

To thee, falſe Fair-one of the Court,
It's Fools, both young and old, reſort
And praiſe thy pretty Face:
Of thee the Bridegroom jealous grows;
The brided [11] Virgin breaks her Vows
For thy [12] perfum'd Embrace.

An APOLOGY for printing the Nobleman's Epiſtle to Dr. S—W—N.

By another Hand.

AS in the gay Circle Lord *Fanny* recited,
The Nymphs and the Swains of the Court were delighted.
He audibly read 'em his late famous Letter,
Which he, to dear Doctor, had ſent for a better. *
The well-judging Hearers, full quick of Diſcerning,
Approve his ſmooth Metre, brisk Wit, and nice Learning;
His Words ſo well choſen; his Proverbs ſo pat in;
His laudable Hate, and neglect of old *Latin*;
So poignant his Rallies, ſo keen the Ill-nature,
That ſhines thro' the Turns of his delicate Satire:
The whole ſo compleat --- to his Lordſhip they hinted,
A Poem ſo ſprightly deſerv'd to be printed.

O thou! whate'er Title beſt pleaſe thee, Lord *Fanny*,
Or *Hebe*, or *Iris*, *Narciſſus*, or *Ganny*;

Or

* See the *Epiſt.*

Or fragrant *Adonis*, or fair Maid of *Dian*,
Who can'ſt rouze the proud Patriot, or chaſe the fierce
Lyon;
Hail, Victor in Satire! hail, Hero in Rhymes!
Sworn Foe to all Dullneſs, and Scourge of the Times!
Avenger of Inſults from dull Pamphleteers;
Devourer of Critic-ks, and Poets, and P---rs!
How vaſt is that Mind, unaſſiſted by Art, †
Such Treaſures of Learning, like thine, to impart:
No ſtudy pedantic has tainted thy Knowledge,
Nor ſtrong of the Lamp didſt thou e'er ſmell at College:
Thy Learning and Wit ſhine with unborrow'd Grace,
And thy Verſe is thy own, like the Red on thy Face,
When you Woman firſt knew, ---- if e'er Woman you
knew;
When your Beard firſt appear'd, ---- if your Beard ever
grew;
As *Achilles* rough *Chiron*'s, you ſhook off *Friend*'s
Tramel,
And, a Female in Beauty, were counted a Female;
'Mid the chaſte Maids of Honour, a Siſter-maid acted,
And all the grave Precepts of *Chiron* neglected!
'Till

† As he modeſtly confeſſes in his *Epiſt.*

'Till the Dangers, that threaten'd thy Country, call'd forth
Thy Vigour, and Courage, and maſculine Worth.
O then, high-inſpir'd, what Aſſiſtance you brought her,
How great thy Revenge! oh what terrible Slaughter!
While beneath thy white Hand groan'd the wide ſpreading Plain,
And *Thames*, more than *Simo'is*, ran red with it's Slain.
But now, with Death ſated, you quit the grim Field,
And the Hero confeſs'd to the Critic you yield;
With Replies and ſmart Comments you ſting ev'ry Word,
Nor your Pen's leſs tremendous and ſharp than your Sword.
By thee we have fairly diſcover'd a Cheat,
That *Pope* has nor Learning, nor Judgment, nor Wit;
For well haſt thou prov'd it, that all he hath wrote,
In *Homer* tranſlating, was what *Homer* — thought. *
Thus *Mars*, by ſtout *Diomed*'s Lancet, was wounded;
Thus triumph'd the Mortal, thus the God was confounded.

So

* Thus in the Epiſtle from a Nobleman, ſpeaking of Mr. *Pope*,
And thinks himſelf a Poet 'cauſe he wrote,
What *Dacier* conſtrued, and — what *Homer* thought.

So *Midas* impartially judg'd from *Apollo*
The Prize in Diſpute ---- ſo his Pattern you follow;
And doubtleſs of *Pope*, thus, a Judgment you make well,
Since *Phœbus* and he are in Singing but equal.

O had I the Skill of each Sage in the Law,
In the Grant made to *Cibber* to find out a Flaw,
As grander thy Merit, and juſter thy Claim,
I'd amend the great Fiat, and put in thy Name.

F I N I S.

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